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THE WAY TO FIND GOD.

A SERMON BY C. A. BARTOL.

"Oh that I knew where I might find Him! — that I might come even to His seat!" — JOB xxiii. 3.

JOB's difficulty is that of all mankind. To find our fellow is easy.

"The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!"

It is natural and pleasant to have relations with what is like ourselves: it is to feel an affection for our own flesh and blood in the form of another. We can see and touch and caress him, and receive back sensible signals of regard. But to rise to adoration and to a warm love of Infinite and Invisible Power is hard. It is the puzzle of modern theology, and it keeps all philosophy for ever at bay, to conceive how it can be done. "Immensity" and "eternity" are words of fathomless meaning. They place us on the very precipice of human thought. They open an abyss of which the depths of space and geological ages are but a type. Our feet tremble, our head is dizzy, and the

very sight of our soul grows dim, closes, and refuses to admit the contemplation.

For this difficulty, what relief? Idolatry is the common relief. From the vast vacancy and spread of the universe, that would swallow them up, men retreat to fashion some image of the Deity on which their eyes and their homage can be fixed. This was the resort of Paganism. Polytheism is nothing but idolatry; putting the Divinity into many shapes, instead of owning its essence without bound. It was the resort of Judaism, though forbidden in the law, and rebuked so sharply by the prophets. It is one resort of Romanism too. Therefore the Romanists, in the school-question, — lately so much agitated in this community, — are so sensitive as to the translation of that second commandment, about making or bowing down to any graven image or likeness, which they so often break; for it is not only representations of obscene, vulgar, and earthly, but even of holy and heavenly things, that thus offend God. In the town of Salzburg in Germany, in a cathedral at the time nearly empty, I saw a woman go up to a picture of the Virgin on the wall. On that little piece of cold canvas, what demonstrations she lavished of her regard! Fondly, yet softly, as one that courts and coaxes a babe, she laid her hands upon it; delicately and long with the tips of her fingers she felt of it; ardently with her lips she kissed it. Evidently, she seemed to bless and thank it, and to expect all good, protection, and consolation from it. Not the unseen, everlasting One, certainly, was to her imagination present, so much as the mother with the infant Jesus; and *they* less in any pure idea than in the forms and colors of the painter's brush. It was idolatry.

But do you ask, "What signifies it to describe such superstition? There is no kind of idolatry resorted to by *us* as a relief. All Protestants worship God in spirit and

in truth." Let us, however, see if there is no idolatry among us; that is, no substitute in our reverence of any thing for God. Here comes a Protestant, with the Bible in his hand. "This book," he says, "is the truth, every word plenarily and infallibly inspired. Nowhere but to it must we go for truth. It is not only all true, but all truth is in it. A text, no matter whether from Joshua or John or Jude, settles every thing." But all of truth is nowhere but in God; and I think this man does not use, but idolizes, the Bible. Doubtless he gets a certain relief in his idolatry. Here is another, whose whole talk is of the church. He pronounces the word as if it were beyond all others printed into his organs of speech. *The church*, the church alone, is authority. But what is considered supreme *authority* is inevitably the object of veneration and the refuge of the soul. It is the practical God; and this idolatry of the church prevails with multitudes. They think and speak of God; but it is a God included in the church, not one including it and a million things beside.

A church-member brings his prayer-book, and says, "These are the best or only prayers fit to be said, in public or private." Then he worships, not God, but the very prayers themselves. His gilded and illuminated prayer-book is an idol, that chokes the passages of direct heart-communication with the Source of all being and blessing. There may be worse idols in the world than churches and prayer-books and bibles; but these are idols, too, if we stop with them, — if they are any thing more than ways and means to one great end.

But the main resort of relief from this difficulty of finding God is what is called the Trinity, the grand motive of which is the sensible God it gives in Jesus Christ. "The God I worship," exclaims a distinguished preacher, "Christ Jesus is his name. He is my only God. He is God

translated. I can know no other. Father and Holy Ghost are but films rising from his real substance. All there is of God to me is wrapped up in his name." This is an honest theory of a noble and honest man. But I venture to say it is impossible for a religious man of any denomination to practise on this theory; and, if he could and did, it would be idolatry. ALL of God in that single representative? *None* of him anywhere else? None in any of the rest of his innumerable family? None in the powers and affections, the general reason and conscience, of the human soul? None in the great providence ordering all things from the foundation of the world? None in the frame itself of the universe, from the first day so perfect and fair? None in the lot of our life, in the sickness and sorrow that visit us, or the health and peace we enjoy? None in dawn or noon or night, in tree or mineral or animal, in wind or calm, mortal or angel? Did Adam and Abraham, Noah and Elijah, Enoch and Moses, have no acquaintance with him? Were even Socrates and Zeno atheists? Worshippers of the Infinite Spirit are shocked at a proposition so unscriptural, irrational, and gross. Some of the preacher's own party may charge him with extravagance; but has he overstated, or only frankly exposed, the gist and meaning of the popular doctrine? What is the reason why so many Christians cling to the Trinity? and why some, who were thought to have attained to the unity of God, backslide, and become Trinitarian? It is, that Trinitarianism seems to relieve the old difficulty, and gratifies their feebly apprehensive spiritual faculty by giving them this tangible Deity, whom they can personally lay hold of in a manifest life in the flesh, and all the incidents of an earthly career.

Yet this very worship of Jesus Christ as God, Jesus Christ would be the first to reject and reprove. He

did chide the remotest approach to it on earth. He declared God was better and greater and knew more than he; was the only Source of all power and good, and object of thanksgiving and prayer. The Son was to be honored, he said, on account of the Father. In this worship of Christ, then, again I must say, there is some idolatry. It is doubtless the mildest and most elevated type. Nevertheless idolatry, is it not? What is the definition of idolatry? It is the limitation of God to any one figure. Though that figure be chief in moral beauty the world ever saw, we misinterpret, we abuse, we idolize it, when we take it for God.

"But," some may now ask, "according to this showing, to escape from the difficulty, is not idolatry somehow a necessity? Here, on the one side, is the tremendous abyss of the Infinite and Eternal, which, confessedly, we cannot embrace; which is ready to swallow us up as a mote or insect is swallowed in the sky's unsounded deep, unless, on the other side, *something* to which our faculties are adequate, beneath the heavenly dome, is seized on and adored by our weak, human heart." Those whom I have criticized, in their proffered relief may fairly turn round upon me, and ask, "What is your expedient? Or do you propose to mock us, — to displace every physician we have called, and leave us without remedy?" I answer, No! There is a resource which reason and Scripture conspire to suggest; and that is, not to worship any thing that is, ever was, or can be under the sun, *as* God, which is idolatry; but to worship God *in* every thing, which is pure devotion. In every thing and every person to worship the unseen majesty of goodness, according to the measure and brightness of its display therein, is not idolatrous, but devout truly! To worship Christ as God is idolatrous: to worship God in Christ is Christian, reasonable, and right. To

worship God in Christ *alone*, again, is idolatrous; for it shuts him out from other things in which he is, and is to be, adored; else he is not omnipresent, — that is to say, is not God. For God remains not in the conception from which one of his attributes is abolished. But to worship him more in Christ than in any other thing or person yet disclosed in time, on this theatre of the globe, is not wrong; because Christ *is* the greatest and brightest display of the Father universal. "Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost," is the doxology sometimes sung by the choir of a Liberal church. I do not object to it, if glory be ascribed to the Son, not as the Original, but the Revealer; who himself affirms that the true worshippers shall worship the Father; who tells Philip he is *in* the Father, and the Father *in* him; yet in these words, as always, distinguishes between the Father and himself. So it is plain infidelity to him, and repudiation of his teachings, for us not to make the same distinction. He is not God over all. He is *one* with him, he says; and prays, in the same breath, that his disciples may be *one* likewise, and in the same sense.

Therefore, while worshipping God *in* Christ, — peculiarly and chiefly in him, as at once the flower of humanity, and blossom of divinity, which are equivalent terms, — as the very fruit and ripeness of the creation, far as our knowledge and study have reached, — worship God also everywhere else. In each movement, at any spot of the material and moral universe, in which one token of his attributes can be seen, own and recognize him. Match and solve Job's difficulty, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" with Paul's jubilee of "one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." Any thing less than this is idolatry; but *this* is holy, sanctifying, saving, blessed worship. Said a Trinitarian to a Unitarian,

"If you are right, we are idolaters: if we are right, you are atheists." Shall I venture to amend the sentence a little? The Unitarian is atheistic so far, if he do not worship God in Christ: the Trinitarian is idolatrous, if he worship him in Christ *alone*.

You do not know where to find him? Do you know, and can you tell me, where he is not to be found? He is no abstraction, but a reality. He is absent from nothing. Job himself, who makes the piteous plaint in our text, very soon finds the Lord answering him out of the whirlwind, with incomparably sublime description of his doings. Not that there was any voice to the outward ear; but Nature, or God through Nature, spoke to Job's heart, as to ours, of that omnipresent One who should receive omnipresent vows. Ten thousand objects, beside the burning bush Moses saw, kindle with the emblems of his mercy and strength. He besets us behind and before, and lays his hand upon us. Not only in the works of nature, but in every worthy work of human art too, is God. What but his inspiration prompts any true artist's skill? Some are offended at the idea of putting the noblest work of art above the meanest work of nature. I knew of one who indignantly threw down a book because it contained the suggestion. But there may be more of God in a picture than in a real landscape. "The works of nature are fine," said one, "but those of man are finer." They are, when he is a co-worker with God.

God is nearer to the human soul by his Spirit than to all the system of matter by his handiwork. To worship God in all, is to worship him not only in church, but out of church; not only on Sunday, but every day; not only in the Bible, but in every sign of his existence, and expression of his love; not only in Judæa, far off, with our imagination hovering over its wonder-struck plains, but in Ame-

rica in fact; and not only in his dear Son, but in all his children.

Many will agree, perhaps none would undertake to dispute, that we are to worship God in his works, — in the mountains that stand fast by his power, in the seas that rise and fall in the hollow of his hand, in the stars that roll in the circuits of his knowledge, and the flowers, so much gratuity thrown in and sprinkled abroad to bloom from the abundance of his favor. But, at the idea of worshipping him in human beings, they stagger. Human beings, forsooth! "What *are* human beings," they exclaim, "but depraved, fallen creatures, alienated from God?" Is it true, then, with all the error and sin of mankind, that there is no revelation left *in* them of God? Have they quite lost the image in which they were made? Is the old handwriting of their Creator expunged, like lines out of a record-book, from their mind? I know not what any one will say; but I have not found it so! I have enjoyed the mountains and the seas and the flowers and the stars, because I have seen in them the Creator manifest. But I have enjoyed my fellow-creatures more; because, spite of every shortcoming and stain, I have seen in them, in greater glory, the Creator manifest, and the Father too. Shall I think better of a plant or of the sun than of my own body and soul? What do I see in a plant? A curious and beautiful organization of root and branch, of sap-vessels and seed-vessels, to produce foliage, blossom, and fruit, and to propagate an insensible, inanimate vegetable existence from year to year. What do I see in the sun? A huge material bulk, — a ball of fire some think, and others only an over-sized earthy globe, surrounded with a luminous atmosphere, which sends the light and heat to every planet in the system. What do I see in the human frame? An organization more marvellous by far,

which is but the cover of a rational, feeling nature, going out in love to its companions, and seeking, with wonder and awe, its Source. Is there not more of Divinity in that, than in the green tendrils below or the glittering masses above? Do you think God cares more for them than for us, because they are bigger? I shall worship God, shall I, in the gay, thoughtless insects, his ephemeral workmanship, on a fading leaf; in the fishes of the sea; in the birds of the air; in the cattle on the hills; and in the fossil remains of dead species, unburied from the grave of ages, in the strata below our feet? But I shall not worship him in the living form and undying soul of his own offspring! In the wing of a fly, but not in the aspiration that soars where the eagle never followed and the vulture's eye hath not seen! In the dove, emblem of his Spirit, but not in the heart, his Spirit's tabernacle and home! In Jesus Christ, his dearly beloved, but in none of his other children!

No, please Heaven, not so shall it be at the bidding of any ecclesiastical power or any earthly behest! I shall worship God where I find him; and I find him, in differing proportion, in all his begotten. There is something in the shape of my brother or sister more than a mere man or a woman. God, too, is there! In some, sensuality, vanity, envy, or deceit, obscures the light of His countenance. In the faces of others, His face shines, and is not eclipsed. I am no man-worshipper or woman-worshipper; but when I forget the beams of truth and tenderness, of purity, pity, gladness, and peace, God has lightened from himself, through man and woman, upon my heart, then charge me, who will, with being no worshipper at all, but an arch-heretic, guilty and ungodly in my unbelief! I shall deserve the accusation, and ought to be silent under its blow.

Worship God wherever you find him! Everywhere you may find him with a reverent eye. "I can find him only in the Lord," said a disciple of Swedenborg. But did Jesus Christ, the Lord, create you? Is there not One, whom you can nowise embody, that *is* your Former and Inspirer, sleepless Preserver, boundless Benefactor; everywhere felt, at the root of your being and its topmost branch; whom you cannot escape, and by whom you never can be left; whose intimacy pierces your heart's core, while it befriends every creature of every shape, and every man of every tongue and hue, through all his workroom and house? Ask for a nearer, more sufficient God, indeed! I believe the human soul, being the offspring of God, though not comprehending, may have some consciousness of him as he is in himself, such as an earthly child has, however impossible to explain, of an earthly parent. But I will not argue a point, which, if it be in any one's experience, is bright and self-evident as the sun: if it be not, no words can express it, or make it understood. If you can look steady and clear, you will find God in your own soul. Your capacity to pay him honor, and be his minister for good in the universe, — in your calling and station, however little and lowly it may be, — is an inner firmament of his power, more splendid than the vault which Orion and the Pleiades adorn. No merit of yours is such capacity, — only your shame if unexercised, or overclouded and disturbed by your stormy passions; but His honor and your welfare wherever it is fulfilled. Therefore the Psalmist, after calling on every thing he could think of to praise the Lord, in a climax concludes, "Praise the Lord, O my soul!" There is no praise of him like love and sanctity, and meek conformity to his will.

THE "BIBLIOTHECA SACRA" NAPPING.

THE scholarship of the "Bibliotheca Sacra" is something for which we may all be grateful. A long line of admirable scholars have, in its pages, illuminated Andover and New England. No more thorough and profound work than this is issued even from the presses of Halle or Tübingen. We have long been proud of this work, and a little mortified that our own "Christian Examiner" should never have even attempted to compete with it in the thorough discussion of important subjects of philology and criticism.

For this reason, perhaps, we have felt a slight sensation of pleasure in finding our learned friend following for once the example of the good Homer, and indulging itself in a yawn. The book which has occasioned its drowsiness is the Sanscrit philosophical poem, called "The Bhagavad-Gîtá." Thus drowsily commences our friend, in its issue of last October: —

> "It has been our good fortune to read one of the very few copies of a translation of the 'Bhagvat Geeta' found in the country; and to realize, in reading it, all we had been led to anticipate, from the fine, tantalizing extracts we had from time to time seen floating, as waifs, among our literature."

The good fortune which enabled our critical brother to obtain this rare volume may easily fall to the lot of others. A few years since, the same good fortune befell ourselves, under the following circumstances. We stepped into the bookstore of Little & Brown, and gave them an order on London for the work above mentioned; and in the space of about three calendar months received it at their counter;

the only condition being the deposit, in exchange, of some one or two dollars of the current money of the country. The "Bhagavad-Gîtâ," in Wilkins's translation, is about as rare a work, and as difficult to procure, as, let us say, an English edition of "Buckle" or "Niebuhr." The article in the "Bibliotheca Sacra" closes with "the modest suggestion, that 'the poet-sage of Concord,' who possesses one of the very few copies of it to be found in this country, &c., &c., should prepare an American edition of the 'Bhagvat Geeta.'"

We second the motion; but would suggest that Mr. Emerson, instead of taking Wilkins's translation, should follow the translation of Thomson; for, if our friends of the "Bibliotheca" will pardon us, we will give their drowsy shoulders a slight shake, for the purpose of calling their attention to the fact, that, in 1855, there was printed at Hertford, England, a new and greatly improved translation of the "Bhagavad-Gîtâ," by J. Cockburn Thomson. This translation is accompanied with copious notes, and a very valuable introduction concerning the Yoga, or theistic philosophy, taught in this poem. The introduction contains a hundred and nineteen pages of thorough discussion of the very matters which our friend at Andover wishes Mr. Emerson to treat. If the "Bibliotheca" critics would like to see a copy of this rare work, they can do so by repeating the process above described, at the store of Little & Brown; or by finding their way to a singularly obscure and inaccessible place, called the Boston Athenæum.

Having thus indulged that perverse propensity of human nature which enjoys the discovery of spots in the sun, and a mistake or an ignorance in those who are usually right, let us conclude by expressing our pleasure in reading the article referred to. It is a genial and generous acknowledgment of the wisdom and truth which exists outside of

Christianity. It is another proof that Liberal Christianity is by no means monopolized by those who are technically called by the name "Liberal Christians." We thank the writer for his article, and hope, that, when he has read Mr. Thomson's translation, he will give us another, and perhaps a better one.

IS IT SAFER TO BELIEVE TOO MUCH THAN TO BELIEVE TOO LITTLE?

THE prevailing view says that it is. The chief danger is thought to be in too little of belief. The tendency is thought to lie that way,—toward Atheism and Deism and Rationalism, rather than toward Polytheism, Fanaticism, Idolatry, and Superstition. And yet, for every Atheist in the world who believes in no God, there are a hundred Pagans who believe in a multitude of gods; for every Deist who believes in no special revelation of the Deity, there are a hundred idolaters who believe the Deity to be revealed in some sacred places, sacred images, sacred men; for one Rationalist, whose too cold head holds back his heart, there are fifty enthusiasts, whose too much heated heart drags the anchor of the understanding from its moorings.

What does the Scripture say about it?

Consider this text from the Book of Revelation: "If any man shall *add* unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book; and, if any man shall *take away* from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things that are written in this book." Or this from the Book of Deuteronomy: "Ye shall *not add unto* the word which I command

you, neither shall ye diminish aught from it, that ye may keep the commandments of the Lord your God." Or this from the Book of Proverbs: "Every word of God is pure. . . . *Add not* thou unto his words, . . . lest thou be found a liar."

From these passages, it would seem to be the teaching of both Old and New Testament that it is as bad to *add* to the truth as it is to *take away* from it; that it is no safer to believe too much than too little. The passage in the Book of Revelation goes further, and declares that the punishment for adding to the truth is positive, — the infliction of positive evil; while the penalty for taking away is negative only, — the loss of good which would otherwise be secured.

The usual opinion, however, is the other way. It is thought "safer to believe too much than too little." — "Your belief is well enough as far as it goes." Such is a common form of expression. *Scepticism*, *Unbelief*, *Infidelity*, are regarded as the great religious dangers; far more dangerous than too much belief. We have not in English a word by which to express the excess of belief; while we have *two* words, "unbelief" and "infidelity," to express a deficiency of belief. We want such a word as "super-belief," or "ultra-fidelity." There is, however, thought to be no danger in this direction. We have not the name, because the thing is supposed not to exist. But perhaps it can be shown that it does exist; that the evil is as real in this direction as the other, the danger as great, and the consequences as harmful.

In regard to belief, there would seem to be, not one danger, but three: 1st, *Of believing too little*, which we call *Unbelief*, or *Infidelity;* 2d, *Believing too much*, which we may call *Ultra-belief*, or *Super-fidelity;* and, 3d, *Believing wrongly*, or *Misbelief*. A misbeliever was formerly called

by the synonyme "miscreant;" but as, in those days, misbelief was the greatest of crimes, the word "miscreant" came to mean any exceedingly depraved person; and we have quite forgotten its original meaning.

Here, then, are the three dangers; and of these we maintain, that to believe too much is just as wrong as to believe too little.

Certainly it is just as erroneous. If I say $2+2=5$, I make just as great a mistake as if I say $2+2=3$. An error of surplusage is just as much an error as one of deficiency. If you say it is only a hundred miles from the town of A to the town of B, and I say it is two hundred miles; and if, on investigation, it turns out to be exactly a hundred and fifty, — I have been in error just as much as you.

There seems, indeed, to be this advantage which unbelief has over super-belief. *Unbelief* is a blank paper, on which we can write what we will, when we get any thing to write. Extra-belief, or superstition, is a paper scrawled all over, from which we must first carefully erase what is already written before we can add any thing. That process of erasure is not an easy one. How hard it is, let those tell, who have had in childhood impressed on their minds gloomy views of God, stern views of duty, strict and harsh ideas of Christianity, of the church, of the Lord's Day, or terrible views of the future. Let us bless God for our unbelief, if it has saved us from this superstition. Better not think any thing about God, and be open to the sense of his presence, which shall stream in from the sky and earth and beautiful influences of nature, than to be taught to look at him as a stern and hard Master. God had rather have us Atheists, and deny his existence altogether, than Theists, and believe him arbitrary, cruel, vindictive. "It were better," says Lord Bacon, "to have no opinion of

God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him: for the one is unbelief; the other, contumely. Plutarch says well, 'Surely I had a great deal rather that men should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch, than that they should say there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born,' as the poets speak of Saturn."

And how in regard to moral and religious doctrines? Is belief of these the good thing of which we cannot have too much? Will those who think so be consistent? Is it safer to believe too much, rather than too little, concerning *man's freedom, human goodness*, or *the merit of good actions?* "Oh, no!" they say, "it is dangerous to believe too much in human goodness." Very well: may I then believe to excess in the Divine Mercy? May I believe that God is so merciful, that he will give us an opportunity to repent and reform in the other world; so merciful, that he can even be merciful to the unthankful and impenitent hereafter, as he is merciful to them here; that hereafter, as here, his sun will shine and his rain fall on the evil and ungrateful? Is it safer to believe too much of these? Oh, no! it is dangerous to believe too much here. There *is*, then, danger in believing too much, even according to the Orthodox idea. Unitarians, they say, believe too much in regard to human virtue: Universalists believe too much in regard to the divine mercy. It is better to believe too little than too much on these points, even by the admission of the Orthodox.

When, therefore, we analyze this popular idea, that it is safer to believe too much than too little, we shall find it to mean only this, — that it is safest to believe as much as we can of what other people believe, safest to go as far as we can with the majority, safest to subscribe to as many as possible of the popular doctrines; and, in particular, it

is thought to be safe if these doctrines are difficult to believe, mysterious, unreasonable, and contrary to common sense and the natural sentiments of conscience and honor.

Let us see how this is. The assumption here is, that the majority who believe much are more likely to be right than the minority who believe little. Is it so? If we assume such a principle as this, where are we to stop? Certainly not with Orthodox Protestantism, nor with Christianity.

If we arrange believers, unbelievers, and super-believers, according to their numbers, we shall undeniably find those who believe the most to be always the most numerous. For example: —

1. *The Atheists*, who have no religious belief, are, and always have been, in a very small minority.

2. *The Deists*, who believe in God, but not in a revelation, have been far more numerous than the Atheists, but by no means so numerous as those who have also believed in revelation.

3. *The Christians*, who believe in "one God, and one Mediator between God and man," have been more numerous than the Deists, but are by no means so numerous as the Polytheists, who have added to the belief in one God and one Mediator many additional gods and many additional mediators. *Polytheism* has usually come from Monotheism. It has been a belief in one God, with the belief in many other gods afterward added to it.

If, then, we are to believe all we can, with the majority, we must go on from Protestant Orthodoxy to Roman-Catholic Orthodoxy, and from that again on to heathenism: for there are only two hundred millions of Christians, who believe in one God; and there are some six hundred millions of Polytheists, who believe in many gods.

As a matter of fact, whenever one accepts the principle

that it is safer to believe too much than too little, he has adopted one which, logically pursued, will carry him into the Roman-Catholic Church. He may not go there, because he may not be logical; but he has adopted the principle which will lead him there, if he follows it. It is this principle which is actually sending so many into that church; and it deserves an examination at our hands.

A desire to believe all that the great body of Christians believes is natural to a religious mind. A desire to stand with them, to work with them, to lift our voice in unison with theirs, to acclaim the same great chorus, to feed our spirits with their piety, to lean on their faith, to be surrounded with the great flood of their warm, sympathetic life, — how natural is all this! The heart needs the impulse of this common life. We are lonely, cold, feeble, in our dissent. We long for the religious influence of the great church. We long for the increase of pious feeling, for the devout sentiment, for the motive and help to Christian benevolence, which we derive from being in communion with the church universal. If we feel better so, and can do more good so, ought we not to be so? Ought we not to sacrifice our cold objections, our little criticisms, and frankly and freely accept the great Orthodox doctrines of the Church Catholic?

Yes, truly, if man be made only for love and for action. If his nature is twofold, and not threefold; if there has been no such thing as intellect given him by the Creator, and no work assigned for that intellect to do, — then conformity may be a religious duty. But if the Creator, to whom we are responsible for the use of all our faculties, has made us intellectual as well as affectionate and active; if man has been made with head, heart, and hand, all three, — then perhaps he ought to think with his head, not with his heart; believe with his intellect, not with his will.

It is hard for a religious man to stand alone; but, if God places him as a sentinel on an outpost, it may be his duty to stand there. We owe something to truth as well as to love. Without truthful and conscientious intellects, society soon corrupts; without nonconformity, without heresy, without dissent, the church corrupts. Intellect may be cold; but the cold air brings health on its frozen pinions. Intellect runs to isolation and individualism. True; but, without individuals, how can you have society?

Men of pietistic and ecclesiastical tendency cry out against criticism, — cry out against the negations and denials of Protestantism; but this is the hand and the foot saying to the eye, "Because you are not the hand, you are not of the body." Criticism and negation are needed; because the tendency in the church has always been to add. It has always been adding new articles to its creed, always adding new ceremonies to its ritual. Even the Roman-Catholic Church, boasting to have the same doctrine yesterday, to-day, and for ever, has in our own day got a new article of faith, — that of the immaculate conception of the Virgin. The tendency in religion is always to add. The text of the New Testament has been corrupted mostly by addition, not subtraction. The peculiar doctrines of the church of Rome are additions. The Pharisees added their traditions to the teaching of Moses. The Church Fathers added their speculations to the words of Jesus. Pietistic minds, believing minds, like that of Sir Thomas Browne, lament that the gospel is too simple, and sigh for greater mysteries to believe; and the mysteries thus wanted soon come. Honest, conscientious denial, resolute, lonely criticism, is often the only salt which can save the church from total corruption.

In the threefold life of the church, its *love-force* and *work-force* both combine to a centripetal tendency; and the

thought-force is the only counteracting power which gives the centrifugal balance. "It is safest to believe too much; it is safest to go with the great body; it is delightful to give up our own reason, and accept fully the universal belief of Christendom." This seems like humility; it seems like Christian sympathy. But, in doing this, we may often desert our post of duty. When God gives us a sight of certain truths; when he places us, in his providence, where we can detect the errors of our brethren, — he commands us to stand there, and to stand alone. We are apostates, if we desert that post of heresy and denial and criticism in order to warm ourselves in the communion of the great Christian multitude.

We may not see at once the good of our lonely position; but, if God puts us there, be sure there *is* good in it. The heretical sects are quite as essential to the conversion of the world as the Orthodox. To them often it falls to do away with the objections of the sceptic, to remove the difficulties of the infidel, to mediate between the pure light of the gospel and the dark minds outside of its beams. It may be a more important work to carry the gospel to the unbelievers than to preach it to those who already believe. The Orthodox preach to the church: the heretics may preach to the world. The Orthodox take care of the ninety and nine sheep who have not gone astray; but the heretics have the commission to go after the one lost sheep till they find him. It is lonely work, no doubt, to range over the mountains of error in search of these solitary, wandering sheep. It would be decidedly pleasanter to sit with the shepherds in the valley, with their large flocks browsing around them, and to sing sweet hymns with them all the night long; but there may be more joy in heaven over those who convert a single sceptic than over those who watch ninety-nine Christians.

Then, if we consider, we shall see that every error added to the truth tends to dim and confuse it.

When to the sublime doctrine of the Unity of the Deity I add that of the Trinity, I at once confuse and darken the view of the Godhead to a great multitude of minds. If I can convince them that the Trinity is a Christian doctrine, I turn them away from Christianity. They do not perhaps openly renounce it; but they lose all their interest in it, and it becomes to them something intangible and remote. God ceases to be their Father and Friend, and becomes an unintelligible mystery.

When to the Christian doctrine of a Divine Providence, without which not a sparrow falls, I add the doctrine of an arbitrary election, which chooses some to eternal life without any merit of theirs, and sends others to everlasting destruction without any demerit, — making the sole reason why some are saved, and others damned, to be the arbitrary will of God, — I shock, and drive away from the sweet influence of the gospel, thousands and tens of thousands who cannot receive such ideas.

When to the Christian view of Christ as the manifestation of God in humanity, as a man so holy and full of the Spirit as to reveal God perfectly in all his words and deeds, I add that he was somehow an incarnation of the second person in the Trinity, I buy my Orthodoxy at too dear a rate; for I may lose access to the thousands of minds to whom I could bring faith in a human Jesus, a brother and friend, — a ray of divine light in a human form. They turn away saddened from my dogma, though I commend it to them as having the Vincentian stamp of universality. I am putting a stumbling-block in the way of these babes in faith.

When in addition to the doctrine that Christ died to bring men to God, and that his death was the highest proof of

the reconciling tenderness of the heavenly Father to his poor prodigal children; I must needs add some dark dogma of vicarious sacrifice, and magical expiation by the influence of a bloody atonement, I at once chill and repel the hearts which I was about to bring to the sanctuary of that divine sorrow.

When I add to the doctrine that man is a sinner because he is selfish and worldly, because he does not obey conscience nor cleave to truth, because he does not make it his aim to do good, and has not love to God and man; when I add to this that he is totally and naturally depraved, and accountable for the sin of Adam, — I at once check the convictions of personal guilt, and substitute instead a merely theological confession of theological sinfulness.

When I am not satisfied with teaching the plain and simple doctrine that the writers of the New Testament were filled with a heavenly spirit, with living convictions of truth, and profound experiences of love, which caused the thoughts to rise clear and strong in their mind, and the words to come fresh, distinct, and precise from their lip and pen, so that they knew what they believed, and always said it, and we can rely on them; when I add to this a doctrine of verbal inspiration, of the letter, not of the spirit, asserting for the Scriptures an infallibility which they never claim for themselves, and which is contradicted by the most apparent facts on the face of the writings, — I create scepticism, and compel honest minds into infidelity. I make it more difficult for those to believe, who, by their mental structure, find it difficult enough already. Is this what my Master wishes me to do? — he who never dogmatizes; he whose teaching is so practical, direct, simple. When sceptical Thomas could not believe except on the testimony of his senses, Jesus condescended to that weakness of faith, and gave him the testimony of his senses;

but we offer dogmas to the doubter, and new difficulties to the already weak in faith.

The New Testament sets forth a law of retribution, — strict, impartial, just. It tells us that all are to be judged by their works, and according to their opportunities. It tells us that those who see their Saviour in every suffering brother shall enter into spiritual life: those who, through selfishness, disown this brotherhood, shall pass into spiritual death. But when we must add to this a doctrine of everlasting punishment, of unchanging and perfect misery in the other world, for the deeds of this, we throw a shadow of darkness around the glory of God's love. We make him, the heavenly Father, less tender and less loving than the poor, imperfect earthly parent; we quench the most blessed ray of the gospel in gloom; we palsy the outstretched arm of redeeming grace.

There is great danger in adding to the gospel. In our poor wisdom, we think it too simple: we think we can make it more effective by making it more complex and mysterious. But let us beware, lest, in doing this, we offend some of the little ones who believe in Jesus; lest we put a stumbling-block, or occasion to fall, in a brother's way. If we do this, we may say in the last day, "It had been better for me that a millstone had been hanged around my neck, and I thrown overboard when I was twenty-one, than that I had spent fifty years in my study in building up these elaborate theologies, and died at seventy in the odor of the most sound divinity. I thought I was doing a great work; but I find I have been standing all the day idle."

It is not thinking worthily of God to suppose that he desires us to try to believe any thing but the exact truth. It is not honoring him to consider at all what is safe or dangerous in regard to truth and error. Not what is *safe*, but what is *true*, is the question. Not what is good, desira-

ble, ancient, universally believed, but what is *true*. Not what will feed our affections, not what will soothe our religious natures, not what will warm the heart, but what is *true*. God gave us an intellect that we should use it, honestly, bravely, patiently, coolly. He gave us a moral and active nature for work. He gave us an affectionate and social nature for love. He gave an intellectual nature for thought. We are not to love with our will, but with our affections. We are not to act with our affections, but with our will. Nor are we to believe with our will, but with our intellect. The man who believes a doctrine because he thinks he ought to, or because the church believes it, believes with his moral nature, and not with his intellectual: i.e., he does *not* believe; he assents.

In our belief, God asks of us fidelity, conscience, truthfulness; nothing more. If we can only believe a few things, and are faithful in those few things, we may become, by and by, rulers over a larger belief. The last may be first; and the first, last.

It is better to believe a little, if God only sends us a little, than to believe much which he does not send us.

Let us leave it to God to distribute light to his children, and take what He sends, not what we manufacture.

Jesus thought it best for his disciples not to hear *then* many things he had to say to them. He told them the Spirit of Truth would teach them every thing in due time. If we have the Spirit of Truth, that is enough. We shall know, sooner or later, all that we need to know.

God's prophets, confessors, and martyrs, have never been in the habit of asking, "Is it safe to believe this or that?" They saw what God showed them; they said what they saw, — only that, no more than that; and so they blessed and benefited the world.

DSCHELADEDDIN.

The following lines are translated by Tholuck from a famous Mohammedan mystic, whose extremely unpronounceable name stands above. But, though famous in the East, his name is not to be found in our Biographical Dictionaries, nor even in the New American Cyclopædia. He belongs to that class of Sufis who are to Mohammedanism what Jacob Boehme is to Lutheranism, and what Emerson is to Unitarianism. In all religions, such mystical writers have appeared, by a re-action from external to internal revelation; and the unity of their doctrines, whether uttered in India, Persia, Germany, or New England, is a striking proof of the reality of an internal revelation of God to the human soul. The present version has not before been printed.

"Allah, Allah!" cried the sick man, racked with pain the long night through;
Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till his lips like honey grew.

But at morning came the Tempter; said, "Call louder, child of Pain!
See if Allah ever hear, or answers, '*Here am I*,' again."

Like a stab, the cruel cavil through his brain and pulses went;
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a darkness, sent.

Then, before him, stands Elias; says, "My child, why thus dismayed?
Dost repent thy former fervor? thy soul of prayer afraid?"

"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often; never heard the 'Here
am I;'
And I thought, God will not pity; will not turn on me his eye."

Then the grave Elias answered, "God said, 'Rise, Elias; go
Speak to him, the sorely tempted; lift him from his gulf of
woe."

"Tell him that his very longing is itself an answering cry;
That *his* prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah!' *my* answer, 'Here
am I.'"

"Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled;
And in every 'O my Father!' slumbers deep a 'Here, my
child.'"

HORACE MANN.

BY REV. JOSEPH H. ALLEN.

It is a very rare event when the death of any man calls out that spontaneous expression of gratitude and admiration from the wisest, the most thoughtful, and the best in a great community, which we have lately seen in the instance of Horace Mann. It is an event which should be laid to heart. A testimony so cordial and sincere, spoken by so great a multitude at once; appreciation so hearty and unanimous of public services, that found so scanty reward in the time of them; admiration of a character which only needs a little distance, that we may see it as a whole, to show heroic in its quality and proportions, — these, as the voice of a people, — of those especially who have best right to represent the mind and conscience of a people, — have something in them solemn

and imposing; something in which it is good for us to share.

We must all have been struck with the *quality* of the honor which has been rendered to our late fellow-citizen and friend. It is simply the purest and noblest traits of human character that have been the object of eulogy. It is willing and unsparing toil in a service sometimes thankless and always arduous, but in the motive of it sacred, and in its end glorious; it is enlightened devotion to the chief interests and the dearest welfare of the State; it is a spirit absolutely (so far as we can see) free from any taint of self-seeking in the tasks it imposed upon itself, and the line of labor it chose, — the spirit of simple, disinterested, self-sacrificing toil; it is that quality of soul which prefers hardship to ease, and poverty to wealth, when a noble work is to be done, and which, unstinting, unsparing, unbending from its task, literally makes the life a sacrifice to the strong sense of duty; it is that public spirit, of noblest temper, which looks singly to the true honor of a nation and its highest welfare, and will dare all things, hope all things, and endure all things, in behalf of the integrity and nobleness of the State; it is the large Christian philanthropy, whose hopes are kindled and whose toils are spent for the weak, the ignorant, the wronged and depressed, who need most the hearts and hands of their fellow-men; it is that personal integrity, unbending and austere, sharp in its censure, stern in its judgment, but at heart gentle and humble and devout, — it is these qualities that have been recognized in Mr. Mann; it is these, and none other and lower than these, that have made the burden and the tone of all that has been spoken in his praise. We do not say that these were all of his character, or that we are justified here, more than in many another case, in mere blind eulogy. But they were his

real qualities,— the stuff and groundwork of his character. And it is a good thing to see now how distinctly they are recognized, how they make the staple and bulk of men's judgments, and how little that judgment rests on any thing lower or any thing different than these.

It is impossible for us here to give any fit sketch of Mr. Mann's character, or history of his public services; although we are convinced that the most faithful history would be the most effective eulogy. Nor does it seem to us that the office of Christian teaching is best employed in rendering personal honors to any character, however exalted; to any service, however well deserving of the republic. A noble soul and an upright life are a gift of the good God who giveth all things. There is a lesson which Providence teaches in them; and that lesson is what we have to learn. For often there is no teaching which comes so close home as the teaching of good deeds; and, of all illustrations of religious truth, the most vivid and precious is always a living soul. Personal praise or dispraise, then, have but a secondary part in the religious recognition of a man's life; and it is the highest honor which God bestows on one who has been zealous in the service of his fellow-men, when the labor of his life is extended beyond his grave, and when "he, being dead, yet speaketh."

Most of us grew into the knowledge of Horace Mann's life and labors at the time when his name was identified with the cause and progress of public education in Massachusetts. It is understood, that, for the sake of it, he relinquished the prospects and emoluments of a professional success as brilliant as any man need desire; and we think he says himself (in some words wrung from him in the stress of controversy), that the legal opinions he was constantly called to give, as Secretary, gratuitously, and

the demands made on his professional experience and skill, would have entitled him, by the standard of that profession, to a liberal independence. And for what did he give it up? Personally, for him, we might say, it was to overwork himself for twelve or fifteen years in thankless and ill-paid office-tasks; it was to plunge breast-deep in controversy, and lose the wholesome quiet of home and privacy; it was to draw upon himself the jealousy of those who could not see, as he did, the ill-will of those whose prejudices he attacked, the bitter resentment of many whose interests lay in the way he must travel, the ten thousand discouragements that beset the path of any practical reform, the offended pride of those who boasted of New-England institutions as if they could not be altered for the better, and the doubt, after all, whether all the toil and all the sacrifice would not be in vain; for, time after time, it must have seemed as it would come to this. But, happily, we can give another answer. It was that his native State might take one grand, firm step in the direction that would bring her to the front rank of States, a pioneer in the noblest tasks of a Christian civilization. It was that great multitudes of the ignorant and poor might be better taught; that hospitals, and schools of reform, might be better built and administered; that more thoughtful humanity might be bestowed upon the poor wrecks and estrays of human society, — the insane and idiotic, the blind and deaf and dumb; that the hard-worked, ill-paid class of teachers might find more consideration, more general respect, and the opportunity of a larger culture; that cheerfulness, comfort, pure light and air, and the inspiration of finer motives, might go to make the moral atmosphere of the education of the children of the State. How hard the task was, the history of his

service shows. And it was a noble thing, that, at just that time, the State could claim the time, the toil, the zeal, of just the one man who saw the need clearest and felt it most, and could bring so rare and untiring powers to meet it. The enthusiasm, the positive temper, the singleness of view, he brought to the task, were a most essential part of his outfit for it. Of course, they betrayed him here and there into error and haste. The best judgment affirms that he gave the German schools — which he so enthusiastically held up as models to our own — far more credit in comparison than they deserved. In sundry incidental points of his controversy with the "Thirty-one Teachers," as we remember it, his argument is hurt by overstatement, or weakened by the eagerness with which he runs down the game. In particular, we are sure — for we took some pains to verify — that he very greatly exaggerated the merits and results of the German method of teaching deaf mutes to speak, — one of the matters on which his assertions were very confident and very extraordinary. But it is worth observing, that the source of such errors in little things was the very quality of mind that made him capable of so many and such great things; and it is a very rare thing indeed, not only that one man's efforts should have had so large a share in producing a given series of results on so large a scale, but that in so few years, in his own lifetime, an entire system of public institutions, generously sustained, and growing more powerful year by year, bearing the type and impress of his mind, and almost, we might say, his own original invention, has become part of the very life of the State.

In all this great work, there is no doubt that the habit of steady task-work, the practical handling of things, the fertility of resource, and facility of argument, were very much due to the discipline and habits of his profession as

lawyer. One cannot but notice how very much one such case as this does to remove an impression as to legal habits and studies, which a great many other cases do their best to stamp on the non-professional mind. Certainly one sees the strong temptation there must be to a successful lawyer — or, if not successful, then perhaps all the stronger — to blind himself to the justice of the case in hand; to sell his time and talent to the highest bidder, when he knows the side he takes is wrong; nay, in some cases, it is asserted, deliberately to attempt the ruin and sacrifice of the party he knows to be in the right, to secure a professional triumph or a professional fee. One cannot fail to see how — as in the Life of an eminent Chief-Justice lately published, and in the applauses still more lately bestowed on a most brilliant and successful legal career — it comes to be assumed, that a case at law is played out as a game of skill; the rights of the parties being the mere forfeit of the game, and the result of it depending merely on the adroitness of the moves. "Honor to whom honor." Let brilliancy of wit and skill, let professional devotion and success, let all that is amiable and of good report in private character, have the meed they claim; but let a man's integrity, and his honest love of right, his scornful abhorrence of a falsehood, his surrender of ease and profit at the claim of duty, and his life-long service for no reward but that of feeling that he has acted out his "great Taskmaster's" will, — let these stand for something more than those technical merits and easy virtues. Eternal justice, that wars with wrong; eternal truth, that hates "whatsoever loveth and maketh a lie," — these make the grand ideal, the diviner soul, of a profession too often degraded to a trade. And it is the nobility of such a one as Horace Mann, that, as soon as justice and truth demanded his service to the sacrifice of gain and the certainty of loss, he

came, with all his logical equipment and all his well-trained skill, gladly to that service.

We need not restate here the political contests of ten years or more ago, — the bitterness and fears that attended it, the sharp divisions of opinion among former friends, and the debates that touched the very foundation and life of political morality. We need only say one word in remembrance of that veteran statesman, who crowned the honors of a career that had borne him to the first office in the Republic by near twenty years of service in the ranks; who fought so long and hard a battle, at times almost alone, for the right of petition; who stood stubbornly at bay, in a post which perhaps no other man could have guarded, and certainly none other so hardily and well, — "the old man eloquent," who died as a patriot statesman would wish to die, struck by death in the Capitol, in the very act of lifting his voice for some matter of public right. When John Quincy Adams died, in February, 1848, we do not think there was one man whom so many of the sons of Massachusetts, far and near, would have singled with so spontaneous consent, as the fit successor to a seat so vacated, as Horace Mann.

The memory we retain of him at that season is, in the first place, of his old habit of intense industry; finding him in his room, on a sultry July holiday, as hard at work as if he were preparing for some important struggle at the bar, and all to keep pace with the claims made upon his time and thoughts. And, in the second place, we recall his faithful, bold, and skilful management in court of a case that stirred so much of men's better sympathies here, and so much of their worse antipathies there, — the case of the seventy unhappy recaptured fugitives of the schooner "Pearl," and the captain who lost his own liberty in attempting theirs. And the argument in this case has

always seemed to us a very interesting example of legal tact and ingenuity brought to the service of natural justice. The legal right of property in slaves, however abhorrent to Mr. Mann's own convictions, he could not deny before that court; but it was a right, he argued, like that of property in a wild animal, — yours while you keep him, but free again as soon as he is beyond your grasp. The argument, of course, did not prevail. The captain, who had, in fact, been surprised and overrun by a crowd of fugitives at once, where he expected at most but perhaps eight or ten, — and so all were ruined where a few might have escaped, — was condemned to an imprisonment almost hopeless; and the slaves found their fetters tightened and their condition worse. But there was at least the satisfaction of having argued the question judicially, and on grounds of natural right, at the capital of the nation; and of having said one word, which may be *the* word, one of these days, to solve some technical knot of oppression, and loosen the whole structure of a grand social wrong.

Committed more and more strongly, in the course of his political life, to the side that seemed to him best to reconcile love of country with love of truth, he entered with characteristic energy into the controversy that was sure to follow. We think it was to be regretted that the controversy led to literary quarrels and personal attacks, which did not help the point at issue, and were sure to leave a sting of bitterness. It is the way with keen marksmen: they seem to like barbs to their arrows, and to have their adversary feel the wound they make. Mr. Mann himself disclaimed, and no doubt with all sincerity, any personal asperity or vindictive feeling. But he was not a man to utter half-truths, or keep back any of his feeling, where a point of public morals was at stake; and the resentment thus provoked has been one of those obstinate and lament-

able things which sometimes harass and hamper a controversialist to his grave. Old political associations, and proud memories of former days, were still strong enough to sustain an opposition too potent for him, — strong enough to prevent Massachusetts from honoring herself in him as her Governor; and there are those, whose friendship it is a heavy loss to lose, who have not forgotten or forgiven those sharp blows of his down to this day.

It was a relief from an angry and unfortunate war of words, and a matter of pure gladness and congratulation, when Mr. Mann was called away once more from party politics and the strife of tongues, to inaugurate a noble enterprise of Liberal Christian education in the West. Those who best knew the claims and importance of Antioch College were most sure that his true work was there, and that, of all men, he was the one to be thought of first. And never was a spontaneous choice, or a complete reliance on one's energy, zeal, and wisdom, more nobly justified. Some eight years of service — overworked and underpaid as of old, sometimes not paid at all, and at last actually crushing him under their weight of care — have carried that institution triumphantly through embarrassments that were nearly fatal to it, and put it at last in a strong and permanent position, equipped to do a work second in importance to none, probably, in the country. There is no one thing more honorable, or more striking to the observer, in the history of the American republics, than the zeal, liberality, and generous emulation, among the younger States in the West, in the matter of public education; and probably Mr. Mann received no nobler reward of his life-labor than to know that the principles he was so long in fixing and defending here have been so widely carried out as the ground of State policy there. The seed which is ripened in our climate slowly and with

such pains takes kindly to that warm, rich soil; and its harvest is on a wide and generous scale. But the special privilege of more elaborate and professional instruction has generally been in the giving of sectarian colleges, hampered by ecclesiastical cliques and limitations, and guarded by the "open sesame" of an Orthodox creed. You know the long and weary and sometimes hopeless-seeming effort it has taken to secure this one free college of Christian truth; the appeals, over and over again, to a public tired of hearing them; the costly sacrifices individuals have made, — some absolutely stripping themselves to poverty, that the college might be saved; the indiscreet scale of expense in outfit, backed by no sufficient funds, and threatening to plunge the enterprise into the ignominy and abyss of bankruptcy; the labor, genius, enthusiasm, eloquence, on the part of here and there a faithful friend, who came to the rescue, and made its forlorn hope for years. Something of this you know; and have been able to appreciate, perhaps, the struggles of a man so gifted with mind and zeal, and of such restless energies, chained to so heavily burdened an enterprise. For a time, as we have understood, Mr. Mann not only drew no emolument or support from his labors for the college, but out of his own scanty fortune, made more slender by the losses and costs of his change of abode, he spared what he could to meet payments for that which could not be put off, and so bore on his own generous shoulders a part of the weight that had been so indiscreetly laid on the buildings and the grounds. Through so many years of so close a struggle for life or death, we suppose it was his single name alone, and his personal influence and character, that saved the institution from failing hopelessly and perishing utterly. He lived long enough to see it rescued from its perils, to rejoice in its safety,

and feel it to be strong in the hands of its friends; and then, as if his task on earth were done, he laid his burden down, and went to meet the summons, — "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

The series of Mr. Mann's labors in Antioch College deserve a record of their own, for which we must wait a little while, sure that some time it will be given. But one or two points touching his connection with it attract our attention, and deserve a moment's notice here. The first is the spirit that is understood to have animated the whole body of scholars and teachers there; his own zeal, devotion, and profound conviction, being warmly echoed back from the hearts of all. No other name would have called forth that response so warmly and so soon; no other person could probably have filled that place as he did, in the first hazardous stages of a new experiment. In the most perilous hour of its fortunes, it was said of that college by its ablest advocate before the public, that even if financially it had been a failure and a ruin, morally it had been a grand success. With a confidence of conviction which in most minds would have been justified only by long experience in that special line, Mr. Mann discarded from the first the motive of emulation as the main-spring of college discipline and scholarly fidelity; choosing to appeal only to the pure love of knowledge, and those higher principles which his faith taught him lay latent in every human breast. With a boldness of decision, which in most men would have been ventured only after a careful feeling of the way, he announced that he would never consent to bestow college honors in any case where he did not believe in conscience that the candidate was morally as well as intellectually worthy of them. True to the principle he had maintained when dealing with schools of the several

lower grades, he inaugurated, in what was planned as a first-class seat of learning, the course which could scarce yet be said to have been fully justified by experience, — the course of receiving young men and young women on equal terms; to share in the same studies and discipline, whether as teachers or learners; to hold an exact equality in matters of mind and morals: and, in the most positive terms, he continued to assert that the best ends of college life — diligence in study, generous rivalry in skill, and simplicity and purity of morals — were eminently helped, not hindered, by so wide a departure from the traditions of the university. The response to his generous confidence in his scholars, and to his warm appeals in behalf of the lesser as well as the greater morals, was as remarkable as it was spontaneous and sincere. Voluntarily, as we have been told, and with one accord, those young men from the West, where the habit and solace of tobacco seem, more than almost anywhere, a second nature, agreed to abstain, and did in fact banish it wholly from the college precincts; a very little thing it might seem in itself, but, to one who has had experience in these matters, one of the most striking evidences of moral power. And there is something touching and very beautiful in the incident we have heard related of a man, a father of a family, who left his home for a four-years' course of study at "Antioch;" then returned, took all the household cares upon himself, and sent his wife to enjoy the same course, so that they might be more competent instructors of the little family they had left behind. Such incidents as these are golden illustrations of that noblest and purest form of human power, — the influence of a strong, warm nature, and the energetic conviction of an able and good man, flowing out in channels it has graven for itself upon the life and thought of those who come within its sweep.

A word might here be said of the direction which Mr. Mann sought to give to the thoughtful, earnest, and perhaps somewhat untrained minds that thronged to him. The course of study, in his view, should include as much of what is commonly called learning as is needful for mental expanse and culture, — as much of natural science as the facilities of the place and the competency of able teachers would permit. But his own bent of intellect and his own course of life led him to put great stress on those topics that teach young men their relations to government and the State; the economies of life, in health, culture, business, and social intercourse, — what is commonly called Political Economy, along with the morals and duties of politics, taking that phrase in its large and elevated sense; in a word, the most widely *practical* sphere of a cultivated intellect. His own career as a public man; his own type of mind, dealing most with these things; his type of moral character, generous and broad, austere and stern perhaps, but rigidly just and true as to all matters of public concern and the welfare of mankind, — led him in that direction. A distinct bias was already given to the minds of the more advanced scholars, and those longest under his care. A few years more, and no doubt a widening and strengthening and very positive influence for good would have gone forth from that College, to be felt powerfully in the political life and history of the next generation in the West.

But, in setting so much on foot, in giving stability and safety to so many public foundations for knowledge or charity, and an impulse so plainly felt in the direction of the best general welfare, his work was already done. How deeply he felt that it was a work which *must* be done, he testified by literally, as those nearest him tell us now, laying down his life for it. If no one else was ready,

or no one else saw the need quite as plainly or could meet it quite as well as he, then, in a sort, he must work alone, and much beyond his strength. It is a pity that so noble a worker, one so capable of the highest departments of service, should be broken down, as he was, by pure drudgery and detail; that the forced economy which deprived him of the help he needed should have been so fatally dear; risking, and at last destroying, so costly a life. But it is best for us now to acknowledge thankfully, that he was permitted to finish the great work of his life before he died; to see his structure secure from undermining or overthrow; and to lay down his burden in peace, knowing that some one would be sure to bear it after him worthily and well. We see, too, in that willing, unsparing toil of his, an evidence of the simplicity and humility of mind that belong to moral greatness. One who believes that his work is given him of God does not cavil and scruple at the dignity of the particular service it may require. If "his heart the lowliest duties on itself did lay," it was that he was religious, and his service was a devout obedience to God, as well as a willing help to man. There is something peculiarly grateful in the confidence he won in this regard from his associates and the community with which he labored. Pious and implicit believers, many of them, in a very simple and free yet strict system of gospel truth and morals, they might be a little distrustful of one who came from the focus of keen rationalistic thinking, — the lawyer and statesman, who laid down the weapons of political strife, to take up the armor of Truth, and be their leader in the task of Christian culture. But the brave, vigorous, and enlightened thinker was also a pious, Christian believer; and they know and welcome now that larger spirit he has infused into their devout faith. It is pleasant to think of him

taking his place so easily among the religious guides and teachers of that young community of scholars; taking his turn in conducting their daily devotions; and, in honest singleness of mind, speaking to them, from the pulpit, of their duties to God and man, and the allegiance of their lives to truth and righteousness. The highest moments of a man's life are, when, out of a full heart, he can guide and warn and inspire the conscience of his fellow-men; and it was fitting that the intellectual service so long and faithfully rendered should culminate in that last and highest form of it. With a hushed and reverent mind, — almost as if we trespassed on ground we have no right to tread, — we listen to the account of his last moments. When, his strength failing him, and knowing that he had not many hours to live, he called to him some pupils of his charge, for whom he had last words of earnest counsel to speak, how he seemed to read their soul and their inmost heart by invisible lines, hardly to be read before the great judgment, and addressed them in solemn, eloquent, tender tones, as if already he claimed the privilege of pure spirits, — to see the heart and touch the heart! and then, reserving but a few precious moments, a few last, not-to-be-forgotten words, for those of his own household, yet nearer his love, "he fell asleep."

"They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Seldom, indeed, is it the lot of any man to leave so rich a harvest of positive gain and blessing to be gathered by those who labor with and after him. In his native State, a generation is already grown up in the daily privilege and use of the institutions he toiled so hard to found, and the ideas his fervid and ample eloquence was spent to make familiar. The great public interest that lay most at heart with him is also that which spontaneously and most powerfully appeals to the general mind in

a free State, and is most visibly identified with the very existence of enlightened liberty. So far, his field was clear, and his opportunity better than most. But for the skill and patience which have since labored in that field; for the vast energy and ability with which it is cultivated by a multitude of gifted minds; for the general agreement we find now on the points most important to hold in common; above all, for the immense impulse given to State action, all over the continent, on matters that concern most dearly our future well-being as a people, — to no other single influence, we may confidently say, is this nation more deeply indebted, than to the life and labors of this eminent, faithful, and Christian man.

LIFE FOR THE SOUL IN THE BAPTISMAL FORMULA.

Part II.

In the baptismal formula is contained not only (as we saw in the last number of our Journal) the substance of Christian knowledge, but also the substance of Christian life. The Father, Son, and Spirit are our Life, as well as our Knowledge.

He who is baptized, and becomes a Christian, is to (1.) obey the Father, (2.) believe in the Son, (3.) and rejoice in the Holy Spirit.

Man has a threefold nature, and his life is threefold. Man is head, heart, and hand: he is to act, believe, and love. Now, there is food for each faculty here. Christian experience is threefold. Look at its stages.

1. He who is baptized surrenders himself to the Father by an act of obedience; declares his intention hereafter of

obeying God in all things; makes up his mind to be a servant of God, and not of the world. This is repentance. He says, "I will arise, and go to my Father." This is the first step of Christian experience. It is an act of will or choice.

2. The second stage is an act of faith. The man who becomes a Christian takes Christ as his Guide, Teacher, Saviour: he trusts himself to him. Amid the great problems of the universe, so complicated and perplexed, he adopts the Christian solution. In his sense of guilt, he looks to Christ for pardon; in his sense of sin, to Christ for redemption; in his sense of danger, to Christ for salvation; in death, to Christ for his hope of immortality.

3. The third stage of Christian experience is walking in the Holy Spirit. This is a joyful consciousness of God's presence, and of his inspiring life; a prayer, constant and unceasing, which is the aspiration and repose of the soul in God. This makes religion not an outward thing, but a part of ourselves.

We have thus attempted to show (in our last and present number) what Christ meant by this baptismal formula. He meant to teach, that in the Father, Son, and Spirit, are the sources of all Christian knowledge and all Christian life.

What, then, does he profess and declare, who becomes a Christian?

He professes and declares that he will go to the Father, Son, and Spirit, for his Christian knowledge and for his Christian life; — nothing more, nothing less.

Nothing more: not that he already believes this or the other doctrine about the Trinity or Unity; this or the other view of God or Christ; but that he will go to them all for knowledge. Not that he already believes this or

that, but that he is ready to believe any thing and every thing.

Nothing less: not that he will take the Bible as his rule of faith, or the church as his rule of faith, neglecting all that God teaches in nature and the soul; nor that he will take nature or reason as his standard and fountain of knowledge; but that he will take all.

He also declares that he will go to the Father, Son, and Spirit, for his Christian life; — nothing more, nothing less, than this.

Nothing more: not that he already has attained to this or that degree of virtue or experience or holiness; not that he has been converted, or has had an experience to relate; but that he is ready and determined and willing to serve the Father, believe in the Son, walk and rejoice in the Spirit.

But nothing less than this. Not that he will be satisfied with morality without piety, outward obedience without inward life, works without faith; nor with piety without morality, religious enjoyment without performance of duty, love to God without love to men. Not that he will be content with a cold religion of merely outward mechanical acts, nor with a hot religion of merely inward feeling and emotion; but that he will endeavor to obey God the Father in his actions, trust in Christ the Son as his Saviour, and live in inward communion with that Divine Spirit whose holiest temple is in every loving, trusting heart.

The question we are to ask ourselves, therefore, is not whether we are ready to be baptized and join the church. We shall do that readily enough when we have once really begun to love and obey God.

We ask ourselves, therefore, in the name of Christ, Are we ready to become his disciples? If we are, we shall have *solid* knowledge and *solid* life. The conditions are, that

we shall determine to receive the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as the source of knowledge and the source of life. It is never too soon to commence this work. We have always lived long enough without God. We know that our life here is but for a day. Shall we not determine to spend the time that belongs to us in the service and love of God; to live a few years or days, at least, of true life; to be found working in our Master's vineyard when he comes, that he may say, "Well done, good and faithful servant! enter into the joy of thy Lord"?

PROF. PARSONS ON CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE.

"But I am certain that he did not wish to give even to his own faith undue superiority or dominion, or any thing in the nature of exclusive rights; and, if this were the place to speak of my Alma Mater, gladly would I offer my testimony to the entire impartiality, and absolute freedom from all regard to religious preference, with which all the affairs of the University and all its schools are conducted, excepting only the Divinity School, which was a special creation, formed for a special purpose by the contribution of certain individuals.

"In a word, I am willing to admit so much of this last reproach upon my father as to say that he desired to make old Harvard just what it is, in point of religious freedom; that being, as far as I can see, just what it should be; and, most certainly, I am not a Unitarian, in any common or technical sense of that word." — *From the Life of Theoph. Parsons, by his Son.*

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS, READERS, AND FRIENDS.

We send out, this month, a second number of our Monthly; of which we print ten thousand copies. We propose to give you twelve numbers, each year, at one dollar a year. We send it free of charge; paying the express when sent in a package, paying postage when sent by mail.

The January number and the present number of the Monthly by no means come up to what we hope to make of it. We still have too many long articles, too few of the precise kind we wish. But it takes some time to get a periodical well under way, when it has to be done with so little assistance and such small means. Be patient, kind friends, and you shall see something better.

We mean to have only one or two long articles in a number. As a general thing, we do not want sermons. We wish every article to be written expressly for the Monthly. Sermons are *taboo:* the better they are, the worse they are. Whatever is good to hear is bad to read. But write for us articles on events of immediate interest; and let them be short, sweet, spirited, matter of fact, full of point, full of pith, and very readable. Beware of dignity. Our denomination has been dying of dignity for several years; and that it is not already dead is a strong proof of its stubborn vitality. Avoid fine writing. Leave recondite learning for the "Examiner," which needs it. Also avoid sentimentalism and rhetoric. Let us have as little as possible to do with flowers, stars, and the moonshine of piety generally.

Complaint has been made of the number of book-notices in our January number. The complaint was a just one.

We put them in, *faute de mieux,* because no one would send us any thing else. A good friend was willing to write these, at our request; and we think it will be admitted they were well written. But it is certainly true, that we do not wish many notices. The rule will be, to notice at length only such books as bear directly on questions interesting to our church. All others will have only a brief line or two added to their titles, in the "List of Books received."

Our aim, therefore, is to do an humble but important work, — a work which shall bring no renown with it, but which shall help and instruct many. We wish to make a readable Monthly for the body of people in the Unitarian Churches: not a book which it is proper to read, which ought to be read, which it is improper not to read; but one which *can* be read. This may be a centre of unity and activity to us all.

We repeat, that we do not expect to get the machine in good working order for some six months. By that time, we hope to have such a stock of articles constantly on hand, and flowing in from all sides, that we, the Editor, may lie on our oars, and float on a superb current of regular contributions.

We ask, in return for what we furnish our subscribers, that, in each parish, some one will take the trouble to act as agent, to collect subscriptions, forward names, and receive payments. It is obvious, that, for the low price at which we mean to keep the periodical, we cannot afford to do all this work ourselves. It is already done for us in many parishes: shall it not be done in all?

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

1859.

Dec.	20.	From Subscribers to Monthly Journal, in Plymouth	$20.00
„	21.	„ „ „ „ „ „ Dublin, N.H.	4.00
„	„	„ „ „ „ „ „ Dover, „	11.00
„	„	From „ „ „ „ „ West Bridgewater	7.00
„	22.	From Hawes's Place Society, South Boston, for Monthly Journals	46.00
„	28.	From Society in Waltham, for Monthly Journals	73.28
„	29.	From C. S. Francis & Co., to balance their account for books	162.16
„	31.	From scattered Subscribers to Monthly Journal, in December	29.30

1860.

Jan.	2.	From Society in Belmont, for Monthly Journals	12.00
„	2.	„ „ „ „ as a donation	16.00
„	6.	From Barton-square Sewing Circle, Salem, for Book Fund	6.00
„	7.	From Plymouth, for Monthly Journals, additional	2.00
„	9.	„ Rev. S. J. May, for books	5.44
„	9.	„ L. B. Jarvis, for India Mission	10.00
„	9.	„ Miss Margaret Newman, for India Mission	10.00
„	9.	„ „ „ „ „ general purposes	10.00
„	9.	From „ A. B. Taliaferro, Barboursville, Va., as a donation	30.00
„	9.	From Society in Peterborough, N.H., as a donation	24.11
„	9.	„ „ „ Deerfield, for Monthly Journals	11.00
„	10.	„ „ „ Bath, Me., „ „ „	12.00
„	12.	„ „ „ Billerica, „ „ „	15.00
„	13.	„ „ „ Templeton, as a donation	60.00
		(This sum includes $10 from Mrs. Persis Parkhurst, and $15 from Miss Abigail Locke, to complete their Life-memberships.)	
„	14.	From Mrs. M. Cutler, for Book Fund	1.00
„	16.	„ Subscribers to Monthly Journal, in Easton	4.00
„	17.	From Rev. F. A. Farley, Trustee, income of Graham Legacy	351.75
„	17.	From The Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, N.Y., for Mr. Philip Gangooly	71.28
„	17.	From Miss L. E. Penhallow, as second payment on Life-membership	5.00
„	18.	From a Friend in Wilmington, N.C., for Rev. C. H. A. Dall	50.00
„	18.	From Rev. S. W. Bush, to balance his account for books	21.63
„	18.	„ Subscribers to Monthly Journal, in Mansfield	4.00
„	18.	From „ „ „ „ „ Rev. Dr. Putnam's Society, Roxbury	43.00
„	20.	From Waltham Society, for Monthly Journal, additional	2.00

CANDIDATES FOR SETTLEMENT.

This list will be corrected monthly. Brethren desiring their names entered, or address changed, will please indicate the same to the Secretary of the A. U. A.

The * affixed to the word "Boston" indicates the address, — "Unitarian Rooms, 245, Washington Street, Boston."

Preachers.	Address.
Horatio Alger	Marlborough.
John Albee	Boston.*
Geo. Bradburn	Athol.
Caleb Davis Bradlee	North Cambridge.
H. W. Brown	Worcester.
Charles T. Canfield	Cambridge.
C. A. Cutter	Cambridge.
F. C. Capen	Boston.*
William Cushing	Clinton.
Charles Brace Ferry	Boston.*
E. B. French	Holliston.
C. C. Fiske	Cambridge.
Gerald Fitzgerald	Marengo, Ill.
J. K. Hosmer	Cambridge.
William H. Knapp	Quincy.
Thomas S. Lathrop	Boston.*
J. F. Lovering	Boston.*
Richard Metcalf	Meadville, Pa.
Henry L. Myrick	West Cambridge.
George Osgood	Montague.
J. C. Parsons	Gloucester.
D. C. M. Potter	Cooper's Plains, Stuben Co., N.Y.
J. Mills Peirce	Cambridge.
Thomas H. Pons	Boston.*
James Richardson	Groveland.
Edward Stone	Framingham.
E. Vitalis Scherb	Boston.*
George W. Stacy	Milford.
Edward C. Towne	New Haven, Conn.
Loammi G. Ware	Boston.*
Henry Wescott	Cambridge.
Daniel S. Whitney	Southborough.
J. B. Willard	Still River.
George A Williams	Deerfield.
Samuel D. Worden	Lowell.
William C. Wyman	Brooklyn, N.Y.